

# The Gentle Smoker

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Summary: When the life gives you lemons you make lemonade with it. But life has given me a knife do I have to use it? Getting re born into the Naruto world with little knowledge and is hell bent on not getting involved with anyone from the manga/anime... But how long will that last we all know it would be long but it i do get involved i want to mess up their lives SI/OC story

## 1. Chapter 1

This isn't my life

Neko-chan: Hey guys I am back at it again with a new story, sorry if you don't think I am making you guys waiting but there has been several self-insert stories I been reading that has gotten me wanting to write something like that, not like my One Piece story if you read that but different.

**\*\*Chapter 1: Infant years\*\***

You know that tight feeling you get in your chest when you get out of breath? It makes you want to throw up and take deep breaths, that's how I was feeling right now. When that feeling was finally gone I could only cry out in relief. As I cried I was coated in warmth and placed into someone arms as they shushed me to sleep.

It took me a couple of days to keep focus or in other words awake to know what was going on... I was a baby, a crying drooling baby ok maybe take away the crying part but I did drool a lot. If I wasn't drooling on myself I was drooling on the cot that I was placed in, the feeling was mutual to say the least. I formerly Silvia age 21 has somehow been turned into a baby, either I died and got reborn or technology has really come far the past month.

Its most likely the former one, as I let my mind wonder I heard the door open I turned toward the noise and spotted a young woman she

looked about in her late 20's she had long ebony hair, I couldn't tell the colour of her eyes as the room was dark, she wore what looked like a kimono, but again it was too dark to see what colour it was. She walked in the room and glanced over me smiling picking me up as she held me before pulling her... Dear god please don't tell me this woman is going to.

After what felt like a lifetime which in this life wasn't that long, but either way now after a face full of breast I was able to see the woman's face, she had black eyes she had a kind smile on her face as she bounced me in her arms it was different from what I was use to back when I was a child. Mother was there for me and my siblings but distant, she and father was a worker their feelings were mainly anger, not abuse anger but the yelling scolding type. It felt foreign to see someone smile at me like this... It was unsettling to me.

The rotation of sleep, cry, sleep, stare at dust and... Eat for the next few months nothing happened I didn't know if I was a female or male, what I looked like ,who was my father, was there any other people in this house? And most important what did the outside look like. Right now I am just sat there staying silent the woman which I guess was my mother came in a kept checking on me wondering if I moved, cried out or really anything. Every time she looked in on me I looked back at her, only for a moment before turning back to the wall, she seemed to have made a huffing sound and she picked me up and did something surprising she took me out of the room.

I blinked it was strange she was taking me out from my room she babbled on as she smiled at me, she seem excited about something, maybe she was taking me to the park. I glanced about my surroundings and found that the house we were in was an old fashion wooden house, it had sliding paper doors as the woman entered a room my eyes settled on a man, he looked rough scruffy beard sharp blue eyes with black hair in his mouth he had a pipe it wasn't lit but he held it there. My eyes drifted down as I spotted a katana on his hip, who carries a weapon in this day and age more less then a sword.

He stood up smiling as he came in with open arms hugging the woman tightly, though this also meant partly squashing me making me protest against this and squirmed. As he backed away looking sheepishly I gave him a huff and a glare causing him to laugh rubbing my head making the woman slap his hand back yelling at him. Serves him right, I clutched on to her tighter I could easily guess who this man was but I won't really say it, both of these people are my 'parents' I just that term loosely as I knew who was my parents were and it wasn't these people, maybe sometime in the future but for now they were nothing but strangers to me.

My routine was changed up I was allowed out of my room, the lady who I found out was called Honami and the man called Kirihata both Japanese names, while they kept calling me 'Fuyki-chan' unknown what to make of the name I just gone on my way with crawling and exploring the place testing the limits I could crawl away from I guess you can call her mother. She seemed to have a simple life of sitting in the house cleaning, writing, taking care of me and basic house wife stuff. While father... Well I don't get to see him often, he seems to come and go as he pleases, mother wears a frown on her face when he leaves and become very attached to me for the next couple of days, I curse the man as the woman didn't let me out of her sight.

One day she sat me in front of mirror, so now I could finally see this Fuyuki person was, I was chubby but I was a toddler tuft of dark hair that actually looked like it was a very dark shade of red, large blue eyes stared back at me. I was looking at a stranger, who was this? Was this me, I gave a small frown and crawled away clutching onto mother's sleeve she was surprised as I was a quiet child she picked me up trying to comfort me but it didn't work. As I looked back into the mirror reality came crashing down on me, that wasn't me they were too pale, they had dark blue eyes, I did the only thing I could think of and that was scream.

I screamed out in pain

In agony

In despair

In anger

I screamed till I choked and felt the bouncing and soothing coos the gentle rubbing of my back, putting me to sleep. I was too tried to protest as tears leaked from my eyes, tears for the memories of the people I left behind, darkness engulfed my vision the last thing I heard was mother's voice she sounded worried.

It had been a couple of months since of that moment, I had not made a sound since then which caused my mother to be very concerned about me she tried to get me to notice her, interact with her. Though I just sat there where ever she placed me staring and just be had a glazed look over me. Mother always looked at me with concern eyes wet as she picked me up muttering something into my ear as she weeped, she sounded so sad and sorrowful... It was something I didn't want to hear again so I reached up and wiped her tears and gave her a small smile.

She jerked back in shock or surprise I couldn't tell which one it was but she gave out a choked sob and hugged me tighter as I gently cooed in her arms. Mourning about the past didn't bring it back nor will I go back in it, I guess looking to the future and staying with this new family will be the best for me.

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Chapter 2: Toddler years\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Mother sat me in her lap as she was trying to teach me how to write, I noticed that I was indeed in Japan or some place that has Japanese as their main language. She smiled at me as she explained the basic words, I don't really understand why she was teaching me when I couldn't even speak just yet... It was too early to speak I was only 10 months old I believe since it was spring when I brought the first time out and now the leaves has started to turn the fall colours.<p>

" Look here honey this is how to spell your name あ・<sup>1</sup> and this あ,<sup>a</sup> it spells Fuyuki in the most strangest ways but I blame your father for it the idiot... Is well an idiot, the meaning of your name is gentle

smoke, if it was me I would of named you something else" I started at my name who names their children like that but I guess it's better then getting named after some type of fruit or food.

Though I do understand that father was an idiot he seemed so goofy and laid back, he always wore a smile on his face when he sees mother and sometimes me. I think he doesn't know what to do with me as, he sees me he looks awkward with a strange slightly nervous smile, though he did have a toddler staring and almost glaring at him... I still haven't forgiven him for squishing me against mother... For the 100th time.

Speaking of the man he was coming back from where ever he went, mother was excited telling me how daddy was coming back and he was strong taking down bad people. I guess father was some sort of police? That leaves for a while I don't know mother never leaves the house unless its to buy shopping or to show me off, not like I cared I just stared at the person for a while before looking at my surrounding, but she does go into a back room for over a few hours as she places me in my cot thinking I was asleep.

The times I been out there was snow and it was icy but nature still grew around us, tree lived grass grew and so did crops. Though the heavy smell of forged metal always seemed to be in the air, it played in my mind before I dismissed it and I looked back at my mother smiling at her as I gave her a small babble sound before the door slammed open scaring me half to death and mother hovering over me like a protect mama bear.

There stood my idiot of a father he was grinning like mad and was about to hug mother when he froze in what seemed like fear, mother was holding a fan in her hand close to his neck as she glared at him daring him to move. I blinked what could a fan do to him? More of the question where did she pull that from?

"Now dear you don't want to be violent near Fu-chan do you?" he glupped as he backed away slowly this made mother narrow her eyes even more and she actually threw her fan at him, it stuck into the door frame above his head slicing his hat in process. I blinked and stared at the fan, it was like a normal hand fan but the only thing was different from it was the ends were bladed where each fold was there was a sharp blade on it making it work just like a battle fan. I cooed and giggled in glee clapping my hands.

"See your daughter agrees in your punishment now, come over here and give us a hug" she demanded... Well I know who wears the pants in this relationship, we were both engulfed by a hug and in return I kicked him in the stomach I held a grudge to the man for leaving mother all the time without me even knowing I spoke the words.

"Kaa" mother, of course shoved him away causing him to slam into the wall as she looked at me starry eyed holding me high in the air before hugging me. She gloated saying that I was her first word, she smiled and cuddled me as father looked depressed and tried to convince me say tou-san, I just looked at him confused and just to rub it into his face I said kaa again. It looked like he was hit by an arrow and sat in the corner.

\* \* \*

><p>A couple of months pasted and nothing really happened I just continued to make small simple words. I was also placed on solid food, mother fed me rice it wasn't anything new I basically ate rice every day in my past life, though as I grew there was this strange bubbling feeling in my stomach I have no idea what it was, it wasn't uncomfortable to be said it was just a tight knot. Every time I pointed to my belly mother would just smile and ruffle my hair.<p>

One day father was actually home and he had me in his lap, I think he has learned to be home more since when he wasn't she was moody against him. He had a map in front of us and he was pointing to different parts of it I was just zoning out. That was till I heard the names "-his over here is Suna, they are allied with Konoha while we are all the way over here in the land of iron" my eyes widen no... This can't be... I was in Naruto No No No I started to move and struggle against my father and called out for mother.

Father looked panicked as last time he upset me he was turned into target practice for mother, as mother rushed in picking me up I continued to stare at the map. I was in the Land of Iron where samurai lived right? Far away from ninjas and those people, but what year is it? Was I born before the timeline or in it? Questions flew about my head... Maybe I was safe I meant the land of iron ninjas never come here.

Mother glared at father as she held me against her chest, so the strange feeling in my belly must be charka gathering and I guess expanding? I really don't know maybe that's why mother smiled at me every time wasn't it. My memories of the manga and anime of Naruto popped up in mind, I in general hardly watch it but heard plenty of spoilers to it I didn't really liked the series after a while I just stopped sometime after Gaara was kidnapped.

"Honey what did you do to upset my girl" Mother growled at him holding me against her chest, I clung on to her chest, as I gathered my thoughts, she was stroking my back trying to calm me down as she lifted me to look at me questioning what did the idiot do. I just smiled and placed my hands against her face as I cooed at her, she in return smiled at me placing me back down as I crawled towards one of my toys.

"By the way honey Fu-chan has been pointing to her belly recently, I guess she feeling the Charka in her our little one is an early bloomer" she laughed as she saw me stack some blocks together, then just push it over... So I did guess right I frowned as I kicked a block huffing.

"Looks like it dear, it's only a couple months early she going to grow strong maybe we should take her to see father and mother soon, maybe they know if she has it" I blinked at what father said had what? Strong super chakra? A defect, mutation, what could of I have man tell me! I threw a block at him in retaliation in wanting to know. I watch the block sail and hit him straight on the forehead, I watched as he cried out in pain and mother clapped praising me in doing that.

"Well maybe didn't you say it skipped you? What saying it hasn't skipped her, she might of gotten my genes I mean you felt her throw, what a good girl she is soon enough I be teaching her how to throw

fans" mother said picking me up as she saw me about to throw another one at him. While I swore I heard father mutter something like 'Please Kami no' before jolting up at mother's glare.

"Its settled let's take Fu-chan to them, they need to meet her anyways she been cooped up in the house for a long time can't be good for her" Father grinned at me holding a finger out to tickle me... Oh if only I had more teeth this man would be getting it.

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><p>Neko-chan: How is everyone enjoying this right now? love to see a review or two to get some feed back I know it's moving slow but it will pick up I promise<p>

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*Chapter 3: I can finally do things!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>My parents still haven't told me what thing I might have in me, though today I was dressed up in my best clothes a silk black kimono with a sliver dragon on it, along with some sliver petals. I glanced at my mother she too was dressed to her best, father was dressed normally in his black and white yukata with his katana on his hip but he did leave his hat at home.<p>

Father was holding me against his hip as he grinned at me I growled at him before trying to reach for mother I love father but I didn't want to see that stupid grin on his face, not like right now not as early as this. Mother laughed as she picked me up smiling and teased father that I liked her better... Where she was right I did love mother better then him.

The two babbled on about meeting my grandparents I guess I was excited as I never had a grandpa before. Back in my previous live both of them died before any of my siblings were born maybe it would be nice to have someone that isn't like my idiot father.

We arrived at a large Japanese style mansion, as father waltzed in through the gates, I glance up as mother with a look and she just rubbed her face with her hand and sighed, before following him in. Glancing about I saw a beautiful garden, it was well managed with a small pond at the side with a huge cherry blossom tree that was oddly still in bloom even though it was October time. As I stared father yelled to us and I glanced over seeing a old man in his late 60's with a tobacco pipe in his mouth he was dress in a simple yukata that was blue his arms crossed lazily as he stared at me before wacking father on the head.

"Hello Oji-sama this is Fuyuki-chan, sweetie want to say hello to your grandfather" mother smiled at me as she bowed slightly at the man, I in return looked at him and smiled reaching out for him to take me in his arms he in return let out a laugh before taking me from my mother. As I was handed to him I studied his face, sliver hair that was slicked back and a thick moustache he smelt like smokey mint and cherry? What an odd combo I would of thought he smelt of smoke since of the pipe in his mouth.

"She is a small mite looks strong and it does look like she has our bloodline, but let's get grandma's opinion on this she is in the kitchen baking for the eatery again" he carried me towards what I guess was the kitchen and I snatched the pipe from his mouth, he was surprised before again letting out a loud laugh and ruffled my hair. I huffed before looking at the long pipe it was made out of wood smooth to touch with what looked like a jade end to smoke from, as for the part where you lit it, the thing was shaped like a phoenix it was made out of gold and was crafted very well. After scanning it for a while I just kept it in my hands.

A large smell of baked goods came in making me look up and saw a older woman, she had dark brown hair that was tied up into a bun she was wearing a casual kimono it was brown in colour with a white apron over it. she looked sweet and not a day over 30, to say she was also covered in flour as she was dusting her hands off on her apron she turned to us smiling as she held out a cookie placing it straight into my mouth.

Blinking I looked at her and the cookie before munching on the sugary treat, I made a cooing sound as I liked the taste of it, she smiled at me before taking me from grandpa she tickled my tummy causing me to giggle at her and I cuddled into her.

"Well aren't you a sweetheart who would of believed my idiotic son made you" she held me up looking at me smiling as she saw father walk in grinning at her, scratching the back of his head mother came in after him and gave grandma a hug before taking me from her,

"kaaa" I simply reached out for mother as she smiled at me as the family had its banter I just stayed silent, as much as I love seeing my grandparents wasn't we over here for a reason? More on the reason what exactly I could have.

"She really is an early one speaking already? Her Chakra is growing slowly and she not shy to strangers which is a good thing" mother nodded as we settled down and near a table, grandpa lit up his pipe and puffed it I in turn watched the smoke float about since I can't judge as I just to what you call vape in general I only did it went I was stressed and it had little nicotine inside of it. I waved at the smoke that seemed to of avoided me it waved around and over me instead of hitting me, the smell of the smoke was oddly cherry blossom smell I wondered did he use some of the flowers in the tobacco with it.

"Yes she is picking up a lot of words, but she barely says them unless she needs to. Also she seems to be sensitive with Chakra she was always pointing to her belly" mother smiled at me as she saw me try to catch the smoke, grandpa just grinned and blew more smoke at me and I squeaked in surprised when it curved around me it was like magic. Wanting to see more I clapped my hands and giggled at him and he then blew the smoke in a shape of a rabbit!

Wow! Was this the thing I might have? It would be so cool to have it, smoke is cool and the way it moved always got me interested. The adults seem to have giggled at me as they watched me grab hold of it and found that it was solid, I stared at the smoke bunny before letting it go and saw it disappear I looked confused and gestured to my grandpa to make another one.

"Well she needs to be older to see if she has this, but I believe she does have it, age 5 will do also when are you planning to teach her your chosen weapons? I know Kiri-Kun uses Katana and you use tessen Hona-chan, will she learn both her just one?" Grandma questioned my parents as I stay sat before rolling to the side yawning. I was only a year and a old train me when I'm three, I thought to myself as I slowly drifted to sleep.

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>1 and 12 years later\*\*

Last year nothing interesting happened after seeing my grandparents, I fell into a pattern of sleeping, practising my Kanji, playing with mother, getting taught by grandpa on Chakra half the time I zone out and fall asleep in his lap, father teaching me how to hold a sword with a small wooden sword and cooking with grandma which was my favourite thing.

I finally could speak in full sentences I made sure I didn't sound too smart and mainly stayed silent till I needed to talk father questioned this but mother just said I was a quiet child, unlike him when he was a child according to my grandma he was loud and disobeying her.

I also have been trying my hand at art again just to see if I still had the skills in it, I use to have a job doing Graphic Design it was a fun enjoyable job I loved doing it. When I painted or drew something that was actually nice to view but definitely was at a level of someone at my age I hid them away under my bed in a box.

I was learning how to handle my chakra went I was sitting down near my mother I was actually moving my chakra about in my body, though moving it to my head was the worse idea it gave me a huge headache and causing me to take out the frustration out on the training dummy father set up for me in the garden.

Mother was teaching me her tessen skills... By using father several times as target practice, it made me laugh as I pitied my father and just used the dummy. I have gotten good at throwing things father kept me away from point objects deeming me too young to play with them. I simply just look at him and threw the senbon that mother handed me she also finally brought me to the back room. It was a forge more importantly it was a blacksmithing shop, mother was a blacksmith she of course never let me play or use any of the things in the room.

I started to wear kimonos, casual ones as I started to refused to wear anything else if I was going to grow up I am going to wear one as I seemed to love how comfortable it was and the different patterns there was so many to chose.

"Now Fu-chan, you hold the fan like this then you do this" Mother did a sweeping motion from her left shoulder to the right hip, she was teaching me how to do tessenjustu, I tried to copy her she told me she will only teach me the basics as each user has their own dance they use and is unique to them. That's right mother it's tessen users are also known as the dancers of material arts, and she shown me her dance, it was beautiful I have never seen something like that before



and I had the internet in my past life!

Mother was a master of this art she was also a fire user with second affinity of water both which she somehow infused with her dance, licks of flames and swirls of water seemly appeared around her as she performed. Mother actually shared with me she was in the ninja bingo book as an A rank samurai, and to avoid at all cost her nickname as The Cold Blooded fire dancer.

She also shown me father's he was also an A rank samurai to avoid at all cost, nickname The Smiling Wanderer. I blinked at the name and looked at my mother before she sighed and told me to ask my father why he got that nickname. Anyway back to training mother ran through the basics with me over and over again wacking my hands every time I did it wrong, I frown every time I got hit but I corrected myself and just smiled at mother.

As we took a break mother when off to get some tea for us and I was trying to balance a senbon on the end of my finger using chakra, yes it was very early for a child to do this but mother said she started at this age and most children in Iron actually start at this age they start with trying to access their core, but I accessed it early. I guess samurai's have a stronger thought in raising their children, from what I seen ninja family's train their children but the minimum and their school system at least leaves seemed down the drain.

"Now hun unlike ninjas who actually have schools to teach you how to become 'ninjas' we samurai's do not have that, the skills are learnt by other masters. Ninjas work in teams while we work by ourselves even if we are hired to work with others we still work alone" she smiled at me as she sipped her tea I nodded and sipped my tea as well I understood what she meant.

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*Chapter 4: What?! A 5 year old smoking?!\*\***

Neko-chan: yea there a lot of time skip since I need her to get travelling.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><span>2 years later<span>\*\*

Nothing much really changed, I started to have a lax personality taking it from my father but I had my serious side from mother, I spent time with my grandparents cooking with grandma and learning Chakra and smoke control with grandpa I also started cooking old food that I knew of from my past life when mother wasn't in the kitchen, I made simple things like fries and steak since wheat was hard to come by still. They were tasty like always, I also made rice burgers which were burgers but with compressed rice in a shape of buns with the meat patty, father seemed to love it and called me a genius making food like this, every Friday was my day to cook.

The only thing I missed dearly was music from my past life, I did which I had it back but for now I will just have to keep to the memory of it until somehow I am able to find away to get it back. Grandma also praised me in my cooking skills saying I would make a

good wife, I scoffed at the motion of being someone's wife, even in this life I liked females.

There was something happening as Grandpa was telling me that some ninjas came into the village doing an escorting mission, he told me it was strange as any person who wants to come here gets a member of our village to do it. He told me to keep an eye out and make sure not to bump into them. I started working at Grandma's eatery as my food got popular, and soon it turned the place to the number one place to go to.

"Fu-chan sweetheart do you know how to make the ramen? The other four people want the special they are curious on what is spaghetti is" Grandma told me and I smiled nodding, I knew how to make and I just made a fresh batch of noodles ready to cook. Grandma always did the more dangerous things like boiling water and things that had a lot of oil, but she trusted me enough plus she made the soup.

"Yes Obaasan order of Ramen and four orders of pasta, I can handle it" I gave her a smile as I got cooking, maybe if I don't become a samurai I could open up an eatery like grandma does or just travel around cooking. The food was done quickly, I made a steak ramen with extra everything.

I saw that grandma was busy somewhere else so I simply brought the food through only to see the clashing colours of the people's hair, silver, yellow, red, purple and black. I flinched for a moment before I continued to them.

"Thank you for waiting here is your order" I placed the food on their table, I was serving the three most important people in the world, and I was hell bent in getting away from them. Though before I could even escape back to the kitchen, Minato stopped me with a question, I turned around and looked at him as they looked at the pasta.

"Ah sorry a question what is spaghetti? Is it a local food of Iron?" I looked at him lazily and sighed I just want to go back to the kitchen. But this way it looks like I am a few of the years on the main cast.

"I guess you can say that, spaghetti will be only found here in iron since I created it so only I know the recipe, but I can tell you its made with tomatoes that are turned into a sauce then have mince meat mix of beef and pork cooked with herbs, garlic and onions then mixed with the sauce to cook after have a plate of noodles and place the sauce on top and sparkle some cheese on" I gave the basic of the food in front of them as they looked at me in shock, while Kushina looked at me with glee seeing her favourite food.

"I highly doubt a kid can make up something like this... Nice try kid" Kakashi muttered as he looked at the plate in front of him, before Minato or any of the girls could say something a yell from a table behind us was heard, I turned and saw it was a regular of mine.

"Shut it you ninja brat, Fu-chan here made this recipe along with over half of the menu, this place is the most popular place to eat." he yelled at him, I sighed and pulled out a pipe before taking a breathe from it, the relaxing vapours of peach and honey invaded me before I let it out.

"Customer-san, please behave I am glad you are defending me but you don't want obaasan angry" I gave him a smile I learnt from mother causing him to freeze and quickly nod his head, I turned around and looked at them. Kushina had her mouth wide open as she spotted the pipe in my hand and she quickly hit it out of my grip before holding my shoulders.

"Children should not smoke! You understand sweetie it is bad for you!" she practically yelled at me as Minato pried her off me. I simply rolled my shoulders and picked up my pipe taking another puff from it, this was a starter pipe from grandpa I don't care if she Naruto's mother no one disrespect my family, as the customers around us snickered.

"You should mind your own business ninja-san what I do is nothing to do with you. I smoke since it's part of my family" I took a small puff and blew out a fox shaped smoke in mocking her but she didn't know that, the shape drained me a bit making smoke curve around people was easy but making them into shapes you had to think of the shape in your mind as well as Chakra in the lungs to create your shapes. Though smoking itself was a way to recover Chakra for us, it relaxes our body and takes in the natural energy around us, there is more about it but I will explain later.

Grandma came out wondering what was going on as she looked at me and I gave her a lazy smile "Sorry Fu-chan, Kushina was just worried about your health we didn't mean to insult you" he rubbed his neck, I nodded and gestured them to eat their food was getting cold and the ramen bloated. I am proud of my food and I saw their faces light up and they ate I nodded before going into the kitchen.

"Obaasan, Ojisan I feel tired I am going home" I gave her a small smile before bowing out, Grandpa was glaring at the ninja for upsetting me and they shrunk against his glare. Back in his prime Grandpa was known to be the White Demon an SS rank samurai that had a match with the third Hokage before but lost only since the third was using a lot of ninjustu compared to Grandpa who only used his sword and smoke. He said if the third was only using a sword he would of won.

As I walked away I heard the purple hair girl question my grandpa if he was the White Demon which he in return nodded making them all pale. I smirked as I carried myself along the road taking in my smoke.

\* \* \*

><p>A couple days later the group actually shown up in mother's shop where I was sitting at the counter with mother teaching me different throwing objects and throwing them at the target practice that looked oddly in the shape of father... I guess he angered her again. I flinched when mother threw one of her personal poison dart at the crotch area what did he do this time?!<p>

"Oh welcome, how may we help you?" mother turned around and smiled at them as I peeked over the counter two of the teens seemed to be in awe at what they were looking at the different weapons and things in this shop were completely different from others. I yawned and looked at mother as she gestured me to follow me as she left the wooden

abused father alone.

"I see you have a good eye with my wares, the one you are looking at is made from steel that gathered in the village of demon, there steel are made from the wild demons parts that are slay this blade is actually made from a demon I killed myself it was a moon demon" I glanced at my mother really you're a demon hunter now as well? God what family have I been born into, I took a long drag from my pipe.

"Hello Fu-chan I didn't know you work here as well you seem to be a nice helper all over the place" I shrugged my shoulders as I took another puff giving a small bow towards them. I yawned as I looked at mother, why were they here if they are a team aren't they might to be at war? I remember hearing something about a bridge.

"Oh I see you met my daughter, how impolite of me my name is Hoshina" mother gave off her smile and I flinched oh god she was like a mama bear protecting over me, I saw the ninjas start sweating, mother was giving off one clear message 'touch my child and you will die'.

"Oh my, let me introduce my new team and fellow jonin this is Rin, Kakashi, Obito and Kushina my name is Minato" he held out a hand to shake mother's as I glanced at Kakashi before blowing smoke in his direction. I don't care if I was younger then him, in my mind I was mentally 22+ mother glanced at me before giving me a slight smirk.

"Well my name is Hoshina and my daughter here is called Fuyuki, my husband who isn't here is called Kirihata" She gripped his hand and I saw him wince causing me to stiffen a laugh, Kushina maybe hot blooded but mother I am sure she is a lot more violent.

"What can I help you with in my humble shop?" she questioned them as she gestured me to go sharpen some of the dull weapons that brought in, I sighed and walked back to the counter to sharpen the first kunai that was in the pile of pointy stuff. As I was sharpening I felt eyes on me looking up I saw Rin look at me in wonder.

"Hello? Can I help you?" I tilted my head as I continued sharpening without looking at the blade, if mother saw me she would of wacked me, saying that I still needed another 3 months training to do it.

"Erm I am very sorry about Kakashi yesterday, we be here for about a month longer so we might be coming by a lot." Rin smiled at me as I looked at her, before shrugging at her and picked up a katana to sharpen up.

"Don't bother Rin-san, it isn't up to you to fix the mistakes of your teammates if he was truly sorry he would of said it not go stare at mother's wares ignoring us" I sighed and continued to fix each of the blades, I glanced up slightly and saw her shuffle before the black haired boy grin up and look at me.

"Hey Kid! So you are like a princess here?! Everyone seems to love you and your grandpa is the White Demon! I mean how awesome is that! You properly have ninjas protecting you!" before he could say anything his head was hit by Rin she hissed at him before bowing to me, I just shrug him off he might no harm.

"Firstly my name is Fuyuki, Obito-san no I am not a princess just a normal samurai child like everyone's child in this village. Second I know who my grandpa is he told me and lastly there are no ninjas here and I can handle my own" I frowned as the blade I had was more on mother's level and just moved it to the side.

"Kunai" I looked at them and they were confused wondering what I was talking about, I sighed and looked at them puffing out smoke.

"Give me your Kunai so I can sharpen them" I gestured to them and they quickly handed them to me, Obito grinned at me as I looked at their weapons, they were kind of sharp but not to their best there was still nicks and chips in the blade.

"Mine are well sharpened aren't they! They don't need you sharpening them even more" he grinned holding his arms behind his head. I gave him a lax look and yawned at him before sharpening up Rin's set.

"If you brought these from your home I hardly doubt it, even if they were new ninja weapons are never as good as ones from here in iron unless it was imported from here and you will have to pay a pretty penny for that, both the shop owner and you" mother appeared behind him as she snatched up one and gave it a glance, before throwing it. It flew right pass my ear making some of my hair loose and I heard a thud against wood, turning around I saw that it didn't really sink in that much.

"Now this is a basic kunai made in Iron" mother picked up one that I just sharpened up, another one flew passed me and it sunk all the way through the wood with just the handle sticking out. I sighed as it was in the weapon was in the door, lucky father wasn't on the other side.

I looked at my mother she threw them too high how could I get them, I pouted at her as she giggled sheeplessly before pushing my hair back and kissed my head. "Sorry sweetie why won't you take a rest and finish off your drawings and kanji, I bet Grandpa would love it" she smiled at me before hanging me the scroll.

Oh did I tell you I accidentally left out one of my drawings and mother found it, she was so pleased by it she wanted me to continue with it. Sighing nodded and continued painting a view from Okami, lucky it was sub par by my view nothing too good to make them think I was a genius. The painting I was doing was of the cherry blossoms and the view from the top of the village.

"You should buy some of the weapons here it will do you good, being that you are staying here for a while, just a warning you can't train here. You have to do it outside" mother was talking to them as I zoned out.

## 5. Chapter 5

**\*\*Chapter 5: Troublesome ninjas they won't leave me alone\*\***

Neko-chan: Stepping it up guys, I plan to change the story of naruto a bit, not the main main part just planning to mess up some of the

things :P

\* \* \*

><p>If someone asked me to become a ninja in my past life I would of taken up their offer straight away. Though if you asked me now, I would of threaten you with a katana to the neck and a fan thrown at youâ€| ninjas in my words are the most noisy and annoying people that love sticking their nose in businesses they don't need to.<p>

For instance, I was practising my words and the boy Obito tried to teach me, Kanji he couldn't tell some of his words a part never mind teach me. Thank god mother was there to chase him away, or I would of thrown a sebon at him mother has been teaching me where were nerves. Another one is when they visited the eatery each them but Rin annoyed me with questions and bugged me with things like, "You are so young but very mature" "It is amazing that you can cook at this age" or even "Hey! Kid we are going to train want to come join us!"

Half the time I cried out for grandpa running to him, who was always sitting in the back room which was his office. He would step out carrying me in his arms fake tears in my eyes, and an angry demon hovering over them, they would apologise a lot but repeat it a few days later.

What was fun about me in general though? I am just a five year old girl, sure one that can cook, use a sword and things like that but mother told me that children in our village actually are more advanced then me. When I say advanced I mean writing, sword fighting and blacksmithing, mother said I was learning other skills faster then others but it's fine as I will slowly learn it.

Though mother didn't know that I still had another language in my head, my mind tries to translate Japanese into English it was hard and it made it slower for me compared to other people. I didn't really even talk much, I mostly nodded and did hand gestures the most I actually talked was to the ninjas.

"Hey! Fu-Hime! let's play!" I sighed and placed the order that I had in my hands, giving a smile to the customer I turned around and looked at the older boy in front of me. He had that stupid goofy grin that father would have on his face when he was trying to get mother's attention.

I looked at Grandma, wondering what should I do she just smiled at me and nodded me to go I sighed and undid my apron before going into the back of the kitchen packing away some bento. This is the third time I have been dragged away from the eatery to some place outside, they always seem to be hungry afterwards not like it would matter to me they were able to find a place to practice that wasn't covered in snow.

He grinned at me and tried to carry me on his back only to get smacked by my fan, a lady does not get carried. I did how ever let him carry the basket as he led me to where they were training I don't even know why they let me come aren't they might to be keeping their techniques secret.

\* \* \*

><p>"Sensei is teaching up some awesome things you should come and see!" I sighed and took out another puff from my pipe, I don't want to learn about ninja stuff what people don't know is that we samurai actually use Chakra but mainly only to tree walking and things like that but mother says I will learn that.<p>

"Hey guys! Look who I bumped into" Obito grinned as he waved at the people in front of usâ€| yea sure we will go with the word bumped not dragged, they paused what ever they were doing and looked over at us. It looked like they were sparring each other, as they broke away they smiled at me, Minato ruffled Obito hair as he looked at me and I just bowed.

"Hello Fu-chan how are you? I hope Obito wasn't a bother to you" he smiled at me as the others rested taking in a drink, as I had the basket in my arms since Obito ran off to talk to Rin. I looked at him and gave him a blank look before walking towards the others, Kushina laughed as she said I sassed him.

"Fu-chan how are you?" Rin smiled at me as I pulled out a blanket and laid it out and started to placed down the bento boxes, she helped me as she talked to me I just nodded to what she had to say before I heard someone mutter to the side of me.

"Why is she even here, she is just a kid and not even one from our village we are showing her skills that people shouldn't see" I huffed as I looked to my left and saw Kakashi leaning against the tree as he looked at Minato.

"OI TEME Don't go being rude to Fu-Hime!" I sighed as I poured a cup of tea for Rin as she repeated what I did before she got too annoyed and yelled at Obito, which I didn't understand why the one she should yell at was Kakashi. As much as I saw him in the anime and manga he was a jackass in real life, teenager or not I do not understand that Rin had or has a crush on him but he seems like a jackass.

"Obito-san it is fine, he only treats people how he wants other to treat him, I just have to tell Grandpa your group is a threat to the village, then don't I Kakashi-san" I gave him the sweetest smile causing everyone around me to shiver and not from the harsh weather. I sipped my tea as I could hear them sweat trying to thing of a way to get me to stop telling my grandpa, they made Kakashi bow to me and I just huffed sipping my tea before taking a bite of my rice ball, salted kelp tasty.

"Enough please, just sit and eat please" they nodded at me and sat down to eat talking, as I just took in the smoke that they left behind from their jutsus. Grandpa said that smoke from jutsus we can absorb and can it into our own Chakra even if it had changed into air if it was still absorbed by my breath, Grandpa says we also take in natural Chakra as well making us a rare birth of people since we are actually more suited to be ninjas then samurais.

Though being a ninja is a hassle I rather be a samurai, carefree life of going where ever you like unlike a ninja orders and rules everywhere its no fun. I had enough of rules back in my past life, as I pondered about life I looked at the ninjas that were sitting there, eating and drinking. The two adults that were together didn't seem to hide their lovely-dovey crap from us, feeding each other and sitting

close, never mind giving each other no so secret kisses.

"Hey Fu-chan, you are very mature and smart for your age, you are five years old?" I looked up at them from my bite of miso salmon and tilted my head, nodding at them before chewing my bite and swallowed it before wiping my mouth with a cloth I had in my obi.

"I guess that is understandable, but mother raised me to be polite and elegant all the time having from tea ceremonies to using tessen or even sharpening weapons. She said to act older then you are no matter what people respect others if they get respect back" I smiled at them as I explained before taking another bite of fish.

"As for the smile, mother said a smile can disarm anyone if you train it will enough. Though father smiles seems to annoy mother maybe that is why mother uses him as a practice dummy most of the time" I sipped my tea and looked at them as they looked at me in shock, I was was telling the half truth I added some more things to what mother said but it's fine.

"Still you are a child you could take some time and have some fun, I mean you don't need to be so independent right now do you?" Kushina questioned me I looked at her and wondered did she really say stuff like that to me when their own children are trained from age eight? Sure they are only learning basic things and crap like that, as well as have fun but my ideas of fun are different to other people plus there are no children near my age closest is eight.

"I guess but mother says I go on my journey at age 15 like everyone else we set off on our own and do what we need to do as samurai that is a tradition in mother's family she says all females are like that on her side, we wander till we find a place to settle" they looked at me with wide eyes wondering where would I go at age 15, don't they become ninjas at younger then that age it's not like there is much different compared to that only that I will be under someone that is other then them. Plus by that time I would of learned what I needed to learn from the family.

"You don't expect us samurai to stay in one place? We are known as wanderers for a reason, that's is how mother met fatherâ€¦ thought mother beaten the hell out of him in a duel making him herâ€¦ well I can't say the word can I now" I gave them a chilling grin and laughed they shuddered at me, mother swore in front of me many times but I wouldn't use words like that until I am older of course though mother didn't seem to care if I swore or not.

"Anyway what was it that you were learning before I came along? I heard from mother that children aged twelve areâ€¦ what was the word genin? And that they stay mainly in the village for about six to eight months before allowing to be outside. More over to somewhere like this and the kids with you they don't seem much other then me" I have them a closed eye smile, warning them to be careful with their next words as I reopened my eyes I saw Kakashi twitch his fingers near his holster.

Maybe I was being too smart for my own good, the kids that were older then me would just be wanting to fight them and test their strength against them rather then question the obvious lie that they told us. The lie being someone being escorted to here by the village of fire, we are over three days travel by ninja standards and a week if you



were travelling to escort someone.

If they were looking for allies within us we would deny it, as far as I know grandpa was on the council of the village but unlike other councils they were actually a group of old friends meeting up to have a drink and casual talk. They didn't plot against the village, grandpa had other things on his mind like where grandma hid his sake.

"That is classified Fu-chan, we can't tell you anything about our mission but once our client is finished we be off" Minato smiled at me as he wiped his mouth, I gave him a deadpanned look before just sipping my tea again, the sooner they go the quicker I get to live my life again.

End  
file.